

# Mining and Financial News

BY REVIEW LEASED WIRE

(By Review Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, March 30.—In its salient features today's market traversed the ground made more or less familiar by preceding sessions of the week. Prices were irregularly higher or lower in the afternoon, but the movement developed a definite downward trend. Quotations were mostly at lowest levels in the final hour, the evidence of that period being ascribed to the publication of a statement by a railway executive that offered little hope of an immediate adjustment of existing differences with the trainmen. Coppers were almost the only stocks to display consistent strength, their improvement being based on additional reports of large sales of the metal for domestic and foreign situation. While these reports lacked official confirmation it is known the copper is greatest in the history of that industry.

The Mexican group, embracing petroleum, was firm at times, but fell abruptly later. Texas Company leading the decline with a loss of five points at 159. Federal Mining and Smelting Pfd. was especially heavy, losing 8 1/2 at 39. United States Steel recorded a maximum loss of 3 1/2 at 83 1/2 but Bethlehem Steel made slight recovery from its steady decline of recent days by a gain of four to 455.

Rails were less susceptible to pressure, but that division again denoted foreign liquidation. Total sales of stocks amounted to 510,000 shares. Total sales of bonds par value, were \$4,325,000. U. S. Bonds unchanged on call.

(By L. J. Overlock.)

BOSTON, March 30.—The security market has been a disappointment. The men who make the market are indisposed to take any decided stand until the situation is much clearer. There is no run in speculation so there is no definite trend. It is unknown rather than known that disturbs sentiment. There has been accumulation going on in coppers and they are bound to sell at very much higher prices. Large sales of the metal were reported today and this means increased earnings in the stocks. Buy them for they will get going very soon.

Paine, Webber & Co.

NEW YORK.

Allis Chalmers	28 3/4
Anacosta	68 7/8
Amn Car	67 3/4
Amn Can	60 5/8
Amn Smelters	106 3/4
Atchafalpa	102 3/4
Baldwin	104
Beth Steel	455
B. & O.	87 5/8
C. & O.	62
Can Pacific	166 1/8
Chubb	88 1/8
Chubb	36 3/4
Chubb	121 1/2
Chubb	71 1/4
Chubb	70 1/2
Chubb	65 5/8
Chubb	107 3/4
Chubb	4 3/4
Chubb	113 5/8
Chubb	105
Chubb	56 7/8
Chubb	84 3/8
Chubb	50
Chubb	51 1/2
Chubb	84 3/8
Chubb	116 5/8
Chubb	139 1/2
Chubb	97 1/8
Chubb	93 3/4
Chubb	131 3/4

BOSTON.

Adventure	3 1/4
Alumina	69
Ariz Commercial	8 3/4
Alaska	19 1/2
Ann Zinc	86
Butte Sup	90 1/2
C. & H.	54 5/8
C. & A.	73 3/4
E. Butte	54
Granby	12 1/4
Greene	89 1/2
Goldfield	48 1/2
Hancock	90
Indiana	15 1/2
Inspiration	47 3/4
Keweenaw	4 1/2
Lasalle	4 1/2
Lake	16 3/4
Miami	37 1/4
Mohawk	98
Mayflower	3 1/4
N. Butte	27 5/8
Neunda	17 1/2
Nipissing	7 3/4
Old Dominion	67

## OATMAN STOCKS

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR DAILY QUOTATIONS.

Thursday, March 30, 1916.

Ariz. Tom. R.	Bid.	Ask.
Big Jim	1.76	1.83
Bondary Cone	.63	.63
Dome M	.16	.17
Feasenden	.26	.30
Argo	.37	.30
Gold Dust	.26	.26
Gold Range	.13	.15
Juanhoe	.23	.24
Juanhoe	.14	.14
Summit	.29	.30
Glitt Edge	.12	.14
Lucky Boy	.19	.20
Tom Reed	1.95	1.98
Tom Reed, Jr.	.20	.20
Oat. North Star	.20	.20
U. Northern	.20	.20
U. Western	.29	.29
U. Eastern	4.12	4.20
Telluride	.27	.30
Carter Gold	.25	.30
Arizona Rex	.10	.15
Merry Widow	.08	.10
Green Quartz	.12	.15
Pasadena Boy	.08	.10
Gold Reed	.25	.25
Gold Cliff	.20	.20
Black Range Ext.	.15 1/2	.15 1/2
Arkansas & Arizona		

Agents for Sims Addition.  
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Old Colony	27 7/8
Osceola	97
Phelps Dodge	300
Pond Creek	13 3/4
Quincy	95
Ray Cons	23 3/4
Sup Boston	31 1/2
Shannon	9 1/4
Shattuck	36 3/8
Tamarack	52 1/2
Utah Cons	13 7/8
Utah Copper	81 1/4

## CURBS

Big Jim	1.65
Comella	16 1/2
Denn	16 1/2
Fortuna	1 1/4
Cold Reed	.25
Ivanhoe	.24
Jerome	1 7/8
Jumbo	.90
Tono	6 3/4
Tono Bel	4 1/4
Tom Reed	1 7/8
United Eastern	4.20
Verde	21 1/2
Warren	5 1/4
Wolf Arizona	1 3/4

## The Ball of Fire

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

Illustrated by G. D. Rhodes

(Copyright, 1914, by the Red Book Corporation)

"Why, howdy, Mr. Allison?" greeted Peabody, rising, and shoving up his spectacles. "It's a treat to see anybody these days. I ain't had a visitor for nigh on to a month. There ain't any provisions in the house, but if you'd like anything I can run over to the village and get it. I got a jug of my own, if you'd like a little snifter. How's things in the city?" and still rambling on with unanswered questions and miscellaneous offers and club grounds information he pattered to the corner cupboard and produced his jug, and poured out a glass of whiskey.

"Thanks," said Allison, and drank the liquor mechanically. He was shuddering with the cold, but he had not noticed it until now. He glanced around the room slowly and curiously, as if he had not seen it before. "I think I'll stay out here overnight," he told Peabody. "I'll occupy the office. If anyone rings the phone, don't answer."

"Yes sir," replied Peabody. "Well you wait I'll do, Mr. Allison. I'll muffle the bell. I guess I better light a fire in the office."

"Anything you like," and Allison went towards the office. At the door he turned. "You'll understand, Peabody, that I have come here to be quiet. I wish to be entirely alone with certain important matters which I must decide. If anybody should happen to drop in, get rid of him. Do not say that I am here or have been here."

"Yes sir," replied Peabody. "I know how it is that way. I want to be by myself, often."

Allison went into the office and closed the door after him. It was damp and chill in there, but he did not notice it. He sat down in the swivel chair behind the flat top desk and rested his chin in his hands, and stared out of the window at the bleak and dreary landscape. Just within his range of vision was a lonely little creek, shadowed by a mournful drooping willow which had given the club its name, and in the wintry breeze it waved its long tendrils against the leaden gray sky. Allison fixed his eyes on that oddly bent tree and strove to think. Old Peabody came pattering in, and with many a clang and clatter built a fire in the capacious Dutch stove; with a longing glance at Allison, for he was starved with the hunger of talk, he went out again.

At dusk he once more opened the door. Allison had not moved. He still sat with his chin in his hands, looking out at that weirdly waving willow. Old Peabody thought that he must be asleep, until he tiptoed up at the side. Allison's gray eyes, unblinking, were staring straight ahead, with no expression in them. It was as if they had turned to glass.

"Excuse me, Mr. Allison. Chicken or steak? I got 'em both, one for supper and one for breakfast."

Allison turned slowly, part way towards Peabody; not entirely.

"Chicken or steak?" repeated Peabody.

"Eh? Yes. Oh, yes. Yes. The chicken."

The fire had gone out. Peabody rebuilt it. He came in an hour later, and studied the silent man at the desk for a long minute, and then he decided an important question for himself. He brought in Allison's dinner on a tray and set it on a corner of the desk.

At eleven Peabody came in again, to see if Allison were not ready to go to bed; but Allison sent him away as usual, as he had fixed the fire. The tray was untouched, and out there in the dim moonlight, which peered now and then through the shifting clouds, the long-armed willow beckoned and beckoned.

Morning came, cold and gray and

damp as the night had been. Allison had fallen asleep towards the dawn, sitting at his desk with his heavy head on his arms, and not even the clatter of the building of the fire roused him. At seven when Peabody came, Allison rose up with a start at the opening of the door, but before he glanced at Peabody, he looked out of the window at the willow.

"Good-morning," said Peabody, with a cheerfulness which sounded oddly in that dim, bare room. "I brought you the paper, and some fresh eggs. There was a little touch of frost this morning, but it went away about time for sun-up. How will you have your eggs? Fried, I suppose, after the steak. Seems like you don't have much appetite," and he scrutinized the untouched tray with mingled regret and resentment. Since Allison paid no attention to him, he decided on eggs fried after the steak, and started for the door.

Allison had picked up the paper mechanically. It had lain with the top part downwards, but his own picture was in the center. He turned the paper over, so that he could see the headlines.

"Peabody!" No longer the dead tones of a man in a mental stupor, a man who cannot think, but in the sharp tones of a man who can feel.

"Yes, sir." Sharp and crisp, like the snap of a whip. Allison had started it out of him.

"Don't come in again until I call you."

"Yes, sir." Grieved this time. Darn it, wasn't he doing his best for the man!

So it had come: the time when his will was not God! A god should be omnipotent, impregnable, unassailable, absolute. He was surprised at the calmness with which he took this blow. It was the very bigness of the hurt which left it so little painful. A man with his leg shot off suffers not one-tenth so much as a man who tears his fingernail to the quick. Moreover, there was that other big horror which had left him stupefied and numb. He had not known that in his ruthlessness there was any place for remorse, or for terror of himself at anything he might choose to do. But there was. He entered into no ravings now, no writhings, no outcries. He realized calmly and clearly all he had done, and all which had happened to him in retribution. He saw the downfall of his stupendous scheme of worldwide conquest. He saw his fortune, to the last penny, swept away, for he had invested all that he could raise on his securities and his business and his prospects, in the preliminary expenses of the International Transportation company, bearing this portion of the financial burden himself, as part of the plan by which he meant to obtain ultimate control and command of the king among kings, with the whole world in his imperious grasp, a sway larger than that of any potentate who had ever sat upon a throne, larger than the sway of all the monarchs of earth put together, as large terrestrially as the sway of God himself! All these he saw crumbled away, fallen down around him, a wreck so complete that no shred or splinter of it was worth the picking up; saw himself disgraced and discredited, hated and ridiculed throughout the length and breadth and circumference of the

world. He saw the downfall of his stupendous scheme of worldwide conquest. He saw his fortune, to the last penny, swept away, for he had invested all that he could raise on his securities and his business and his prospects, in the preliminary expenses of the International Transportation company, bearing this portion of the financial burden himself, as part of the plan by which he meant to obtain ultimate control and command of the king among kings, with the whole world in his imperious grasp, a sway larger than that of any potentate who had ever sat upon a throne, larger than the sway of all the monarchs of earth put together, as large terrestrially as the sway of God himself! All these he saw crumbled away, fallen down around him, a wreck so complete that no shred or splinter of it was worth the picking up; saw himself disgraced and discredited, hated and ridiculed throughout the length and breadth and circumference of the



The World He Had Meant to Make His Own Never Saw Him Again.

very earth he had meant to rule; saw himself discarded by the strong men whom he had inveigled into this futile scheme and saw himself forced into commercial death as wolves rend and devour a crippled member of their pack; last, he saw himself loathed in the one pure breast he had sought to make his own; and that was the deepest hurt of all; for now, in the bright blaze of his own configuration, he saw that, beneath his grossness, he had loved her, after all, loved her with a love, might perhaps have won her. Through all that day he sat at the desk, and when the night time came again, he walked out of the house, and across the field, and over the tiny footbridge, under the willow tree with the still beckoning arms; and the world, his world, the world he had meant to make his own, never saw him again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Matter of Conscience.

Gall stood at the rail of the White

cap, going out over the dancing tide waves with troubled eyes. "Pony for your thoughts." The immensely handsome Dick Rodley had strolled up, in his blue jacket and white trousers and other nautical embellishments.

"The news in the paper," she told him. "It's so big."

Dick looked down at her critically. She was so new a Gall to him that he was puzzled, and worried, too, for he felt, rather than saw, that some trouble possessed this dearest of his friends.

"Yes, it is big news," he admitted; "big enough and startling enough to impress anyone very gravely." Then he shook his head at her. "But you mustn't worry about it, Gall. You're not responsible."

Gall turned her eyes from him and looked out over the white-edged waves again.

"It is a tremendous responsibility," she mused, whereupon Dick, as became him, violently broke the thread of thought by taking her arm and drawing her away from the rail, and walking gayly with her up to the forward shelter deck, where, shielded from the crispness of the wind, there sat, around the big table and amid a tangle of Sunday papers, Jim Sargent and Rev. Smith Boyd, Arly and Gerald Fosland, all four deep in the discussion of the one possible topic of conversation.

"Allison's explosion again," objected Dick, as Gall and he joined the group, and caught the general tenor of the thought. "I suppose the only way to escape that is to jump off the White-cap. Gall's worse than any of you. I find she's responsible for the whole thing."

Arly and Gerald looked up quickly. "I neither said nor intimated anything of the sort," Gall retorted. Dick, for the benefit of the Foslands, and she sat down by Arly, whereupon Dick, observing that he was much of a fender, patted Gall on the shoulder, and disappeared in search of Ted.

"I'd like to hand a vote of thanks to the responsible party," laughed Jim Sargent, to whom the news meant more than Gall appreciated. "With Allison broke, Urbank of the Midcontinent succeeds to control of the A. P., and Urbank is anxious to incorporate the Towanda Valley in the system. He told me so yesterday."

The light which leaped into Gall's eyes and the trace of color which flashed into her cheeks, were most comforting to Arly; and they exchanged a smile of great satisfaction. They clutched hands ecstatically under the corner of the table, and wanted to laugh outright. However, it would keep.

"The destruction of Mr. Allison was a feat of which any gentleman's conscience might approve," commented Gerald Fosland, who had spent some time in definitely settling with himself the ethics of that question. "The company he proposed to form was a menace to the liberty of the world and the progress of civilization."

"The destruction didn't go far enough," snapped Jim Sargent. "Clark, Vance, Haverman, Grandin, Babbitt, Taylor, Chisholm; these fellows won't be touched, and they built up their monopolies by the same method Allison proposed; trickery, force and plain theft!"

"Harsh language, Uncle Jim Sargent," to use toward your respectable fellow-vestrymen," chided Arly, her black eyes dancing.

"Clark and Chisholm!" and Jim Sargent's brows knotted. "They're not my fellow-vestrymen. Either they go or I do!"

"I would like you to remain," quietly stated Rev. Smith Boyd. "I hope to achieve several important alterations in the ethics of Market Square church." He was grave this morning. He had unknowingly been ripening for some time on many questions; and the revelations in this morning's papers had brought him to the point of decision. "I wish to drive the money changers out of the temple," he added, and glanced at Gall with a smile in which there was acknowledgment.

"A remarkably lucrative enterprise, eh Gall?" laughed her Uncle Jim, remembering her criticism on the occasion of her first and only vestry meeting, when she had called their attention to the satire of the stained-glass window.

"You will have still the scribes and pharisees, doctor; those who stand praying in the public places, so they may be seen of all men," and Gall smiled across at him, within her eyes the mischievous twinkle which had been absent for many days.

"I hope to be able to remove the public place," replied the rector, with a gravity which told of something vital beneath the apparent repartee. Mrs. Boyd, strolling past with Aunt Grace Sargent, paused to look at him fondly. "I shall set myself, with such strength as I may have, against the building of the proposed cathedral."

(To be continued)

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## THE DAILY REVIEW

WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

## LEGAL NOTICES

### NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona,  
March 24, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that Fred W. Koch, of Hereford, Arizona, who, on August 26, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 019022, for SE 1/4, Section 21, E. & S. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. D. Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on the 2nd day of May, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
George W. Allwood, Thomas I. Pointer, Sherman J. Beals, Isaac E. French, all of Hereford, Arizona.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN, Register.

First publication March 28, 1916.

Last publication May 2, 1916.

### NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR U. S. PATENT.

Mineral Survey No. 3236.  
Serial No. 029712.

United States Land Office, Phoenix, Arizona, March 10th, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph Waters, whose post-office address is Bisbee, has made application for patent for the following named lode mining claims, situated in the Warren Mining District, Cochise County, Arizona, in Section 10, unsurveyed, T. 23 S., R. 24 E., G. & S. R. B. & M., and described as follows, to-wit:

"BELGIUM." Beginning at corner No. 1, the S. W. corner, whence U. S. M. No. 4, Warren Mining District, bears S. 32° 35' 30" W. 6524.4 feet; thence N. 42° 53' E. 600 feet, to corner No. 2; thence S. 44° 4' E. 1509 feet, to corner No. 3; thence S. 42° 53' W. 600 feet, to corner No. 4; thence N. 44° 4' W. 1509 feet, to corner No. 1, the place of beginning, containing a net area of 29.631 acres.

"THE ALLIES." Beginning at corner No. 1, the S. W. corner, whence U. S. M. No. 4, Warren Mining District, bears S. 31° 34' W. 5936.9 feet; thence N. 42° 53' E. 600 feet, to corner No. 2; thence S. 44° 4' E. 1102.5 feet, to corner No. 3; thence S. 42° 53' W. 600 feet, to corner No. 4; thence N. 44° 4' W. 1102.5 feet, to corner No. 1, the place of beginning, containing a net area of 13.455 acres, expressly excluding area in conflict with the Hardacre lode, unsurveyed, of 1.676 acres.

The location notices of these claims are recorded in the County Recorder's office, Cochise County, Arizona, as follows:

Belgium, Book 54, Record of Mines, page 58.

The Allies, Book 54, Record of Mines, page 57.

The names of the adjoining claims to this Survey are: on the North, Germany and Waters lodes, unsurveyed; on the East, Hardacre lode, unsurveyed; on the South, Billy Boy and Juniper lodes, unsurveyed; on the West, Survey No. 2202, Jumbo and Delima lodes.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN, Register.

First publication Mar. 25, 1916.

Last publication May 31, 1916.

### NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona,  
March 15, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that Charles H. Sailer, of Hereford, Arizona, who, on April 13, 1912, made desert land entry, No. 017227, for Lots 2, 3, 4, Section 18, Township 24, S., Range 24, E., G. & S. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make proof under Para. 3, Act March 4, 1915, by purchase, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. D. Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on the 21st day of April, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Charles A. Martin, of Hereford; Herbert E. Cooper, Anzures, Gillis, Jesse I. Horton, (3) of Bisbee, Arizona.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN, Register.

First publication March 17, 1915.

Last publication April 21, 1916.

### NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona,  
March 11, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Edward Wilcox, of Hereford, Arizona, who, on March 2, 1909, made Homestead Entry No. 04775, for Lots 1, 2, E 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 20, Township 23, S., Range 22, E., G. & S. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Jared D. Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on the 18th day of April, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
George J. McCabe, Joseph Hammer, Richard Quarks, Jacob C. Baker, all of Hereford, Arizona.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN, Register.

First publication March 14, 1916.

Last publication April 18, 1916.

### NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona,  
March 6, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that George W. Allwood, of Hereford, Arizona, who, on August 10, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 018888, for SE 1/4, Section 4, Township 23, S., Range 21, E., G. & S. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Jared D. Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on the 17th day of April, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Corace Palmer, Jonathan J. Young,

Carl N. Carlson, (3) of Hereford; and Frank Blakeslee, of Buena, Arizona.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN, Register.

First publication March 9, 1916.

Last publication April 17, 19